

NATIONAL REVIEW

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October 19, 1957

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Princeton and the Priest

FINIS FARR

The Union Firing Line

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

The Moon Is Up

AN EDITORIAL

Articles and Reviews by PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY
JAMES BURNHAM • WILLMOORE KENDALL • WARREN EYSTER
WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR. • GARRY WILLS • ANTHONY LEJEUNE

For the Record

Secretary of Labor Mitchell predicts that the election of James Hoffa to the Teamster presidency will lead to "more repressive" labor legislation than Congress would otherwise have considered. . . . Mitchell says the current campaign for a shorter work week is unrealistic in view of an expected labor manpower shortage of ten million by 1967. . . . The United Packinghouse Workers will demand a thirty-hour week in their contract negotiations with the meat packing industry. . . . Look for strong "right to work" drives in Kentucky, Ohio and Idaho this fall. . . . Individual workers are filing nearly half of the charges of unfair labor practices being brought against the unions, according to the National Labor Relations Board.

Secretary of State Dulles urged James H. Smith, Jr., the new director of the International Cooperation Administration, to administer the foreign aid program with the "maximum frugality." . . . Although foreign aid spending has been cut in half since 1953, the ICA staff is twice as large as it was then.

The Committee of One Million has published a report on Communist China written by an anti-Communist Australian student who toured the country for one month last summer. The booklet, intended to counter pro-Red China reports by the American students who recently visited the mainland, sells for 15 cents a copy (8 W. 40th St., New York City). . . . At least one group of the U. S. students to visit China attained their popularity by singing anti-Nationalist China songs of their own composition, such as: "Chiang is on Taiwan and he will be removed."

In a recent speech in Menado, Indonesian President Sukarno said his aim was to establish an "Indonesian Socialist society in which there is no capitalism". . . . In contrast, Premier Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam, in his opening address to the National Parliament, warned that no free state could survive without "the incentive of private enterprise."

In the past month, Subversive Activities Control Board examiners have recommended that the American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born, the California Emergency Defense Committee and the Colorado Committee to Protect Civil Liberties be required to register as Communist fronts.

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EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

L. Brent Bozell James Burnham
John Chamberlain Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall Suzanne La Follette
Frank S. Meyer

PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES

Maureen L. Buckley Priscilla L. Buckley
Jonathan Mitchell Morrie Ryskind

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, Frank Chodorov, John
Abbot Clark, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Max Eastman,
Medford Evans, Karl Hess, John D. Kreuttner,
J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver,
E. Merrill Root, Freda Uteley, Richard M. Weaver,
Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Gen. Charles A. Willoughby,
Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Geneva: Wilhelm Roepke Madrid: J. Dervin
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

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The WEEK

● Oyez, oyez, oyez! Now is the time for all good men to gather together the rights with which they were endowed by their Creator, take refuge in those homes that—tradition assures us—are their castles, and bolt all the doors. The United States Supreme Court, following its summer recess, is back in session.

● According to the *New York Times*, three Soviet scientists—Anatoli A. Blagonravov, Sergei M. Poloskov and A. M. Kasatskin—were recently taken on a tour of the Washington Naval Research Laboratory, where they were shown how the U.S. makes and tests model satellites. The *Times* adds that no U.S. reporter was allowed to accompany the Russian scientists on their trip. Says the *Times* in explanation: “The laboratory is a restricted area.”

● Whenever Nikita Khrushchev wishes to get maximum penetration of the U.S. for a threat, a beguiling promise, or a hot-cold alternation of the two, the *New York Times* seems to be right on hand to pick up the pearls as they fall from the Soviet *Fuehrer's* lips. We can't say as we blame *Timesman* James Reston for hopping to it when he got an invitation—on embossed Kremlin stationery?—to serve as the transmission belt for Khrushchev's first post-lunar announcements. But in return for all that front-page space which the *Times* stands ready to give to the Kremlin's bulletins, why doesn't it reserve the right to ask—and demand an answer to—an occasional uncomfortable question?

● Hard luck continues to dog the Teamsters Union and its newly elected President, James R. Hoffa. First, the spoilsports who lost the election told the Senate Rackets Committee that Hoffa had ensured his election by hand-picking delegates to the convention, and the Committee subpoenaed the relevant documents. Then, as the Teamsters' attorney reports, fate, in the form of a night maid at the Eden Roc Hotel in Miami Beach, stepped in: she went and threw the documents into the incinerator. The maid, who might have testified to her penchant for tidying up, promptly died of a heart attack. At this juncture, common sense came to the aid of the Teamsters. When their attorney was asked how he knew the maid had done the deed, he answered: “Nobody else would do that sort of thing.”

● When United States Steel raised the price of steel a few months back, the air was filled with denunciations of “oligopolistic” industries which could set a high “administered” price and make it stick despite the forces of supply and demand. Last week, however, the Lukens Steel Company lopped \$8.00 from its carbon steel plate base price. Seems that the “market”—i.e., the customers who buy the steel and the suppliers who furnish Lukens with steel scrap—went on “higgling” despite the “administered” price. So it was in the days of Adam Smith, and so it is now. Other steel companies, adhering to the fiction of the “administered” price line, say they are not planning any price changes. Mebbe so, mebbe so. But if the market remains soft, wanna bet?

● Although Communist China has admitted a general breakdown in its Five Year Plan, there is one unpublicized annual quota that has always been triumphantly overfulfilled. Under the local Red war lord, Chen Feng, the world's greatest production of opium and its derivatives is being processed from the state poppy plantations in the southeastern provinces of Yunnan and Kwangsi. Nearly four hundred tons of opium are being moved each year through Thailand into illicit international traffic. The going wholesale price of opium prepared for smoking is about \$350,000 a ton.

● On October 5, when the whole city of Paris was rushing to its radios to catch the beep, beep of the Soviet moon, an ABC correspondent, Carlos Sentis, wired to Madrid that “no one recalls that this very night is due to arrive at Le Havre the atomic submarine *Nautilus*. In terms of public relations, the satellite has sunk it.”

● It is common knowledge that German scientists, spurred on by a Hitler seeking victory-saving wonder weapons, were far ahead of anybody else in the rocket field by 1945. The Russians got most of those scientists, largely because we let them take them. In some cases we even gave them to the Soviets, who could tell a useful Nazi from a useless one. The few who managed to stay on our side were, after long delay, put to work on getting us a rocket capable, among other things, of launching a satellite. Given their twelve-year control of the German scientists' brains, the wonder is that the Russians haven't spangled the skies with moons. What have the Reds been doing to cause all the delay?

● In Peru, many Communist operations have been conducted through the Czechoslovak Legation. Denouncing this intervention in its internal affairs, the Peruvian government, after breaking off relations with Prague, has ordered the immediate departure of

the Czech chargé d'affaires and the Legation's closing. Not a bad example for some bigger governments that we could name.

● The General Board of Education of the Methodist Church has seen fit to pass the following judgments in the October 1957 issue of its *Adult Student Sunday School Quarterly*: 1) "The hot anger of the Canadians over the repeated efforts of the Internal Security Subcommittee to police the political morals of Canadian citizens will not soon subside." 2) "We shall also have to stop quaking in our boots lest a few Communist microbes destroy the entire body of the mightiest nation on this planet." 3) "... We cannot ... hold Formosa and other Chinese islands indefinitely against the growing power of China in that far-off locality." 4) "Even making friends with the Soviet and Chinese peoples is not sufficient. We are obliged to go on to organize a functioning world community with them." 5) "No knowledgeable person now speaks of China as a Soviet satellite."

● Over the past several years Winthrop Rockefeller, who some time ago established residence in Arkansas, has become increasingly active in the affairs of that state. He has been operating a large ranch at Petit Jean, sponsoring economic expansion schemes, and pushing into politics through his chairmanship of the Arkansas Industrial Development Board, to which post he was appointed by Governor Orval Faubus. Members and associates of the Rockefeller family, long linked politically with Thomas E. Dewey, are leading backers of Modern Republicanism, and it has been reported that Winthrop Rockefeller worked with Attorney General Brownell on the plans for staging an integration showdown in Arkansas. These reports received partial confirmation when Governor Faubus, who has had the unanimous support of all other officials of his administration, was publicly attacked by Mr. Rockefeller.

● Not so long ago the U.S. turned down a Turkish request for a 300 million dollar loan. Seems that the anti-Soviet Turks wouldn't promise to follow pro-capitalist, anti-inflationary policies at home. If this creates a very sensible precedent to be applied to neutralist India, however, one would never know it to listen to the current State Department propaganda in favor of granting Nehru a lot of money to rescue his anti-capitalist, pro-inflationary Five Year Plan. Washington is evidently still bent on following the ancient rule: reward your enemies and punish your friends.

● On her national TV interview, Elizabeth Eckford, the most publicized of the nine Negro students at Little Rock Central High School, expressed her

thanks for help from Mrs. Lee Lorch, a white woman. *Special Reports* recalls the fact that Mrs. Lorch is Grace Lonergan, a well-known pro-Communist with a fifteen-year record of activity in Communist fronts, including the American Peace Mobilization and the Boston Samuel Adams School. Her husband is a Fifth Amendment pleader before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

● Polish cryptographers claim to have decoded the first message emitted from the Soviet Sputnik. It was: "I chose freedom."

The Moon Is Up

Observers are plotting the path of the Red moon in many dimensions other than the four coordinates of space-time that concern the scientists of the International Geophysical Year, who were so contemptuously left in trusting bourgeois ignorance by the Bolshevik coexisters. Unfortunately the IBM No. 704 computer cannot grind out so exact a technological, military, political or psychological curve as it may be expected to derive for the physical orbit.

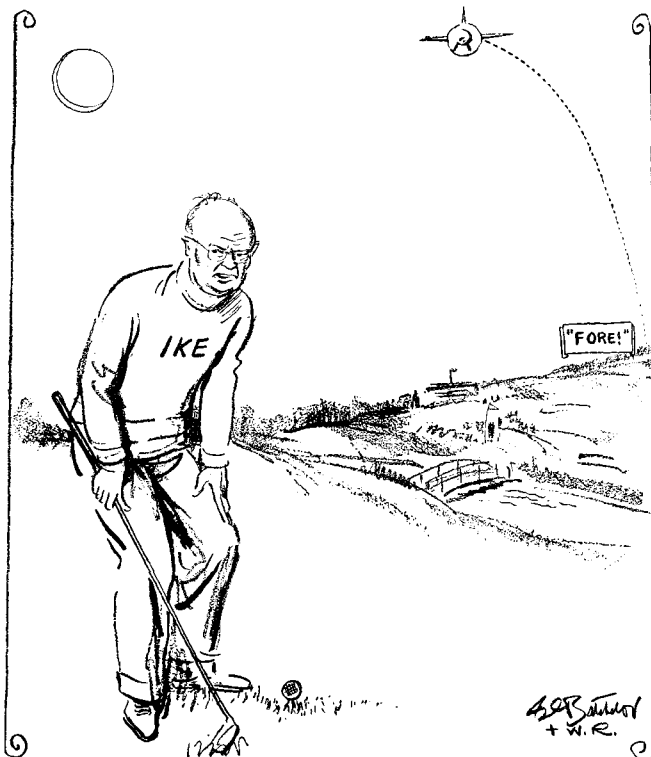
We are told by Senators Symington and Mansfield that the moon launching proves a Soviet "superiority" in rocket and missile development that imminently threatens to be transformed into "supremacy." One scientist—Dr. Lloyd V. Berkner—declared that the Communists can now send an ICBM to New York. On the other hand, a scornful Pentagon general dismissed the significance of "throwing a hunk of metal stuffed with batteries into the sky," which, he said, "anyone can now do." And in Hamburg, Germany, geophysicist Paul Raethjen characterized the launching as "a propaganda stunt designed to keep the world in suspense," without much scientific or military importance.

Now, Sputnik (as the Communists call their moon) does not prove that Communism is superior to Capitalism, or that Moscow is about to conquer space. Though it may be sour grapes to say it, we sent a projectile more than six hundred miles into the skies a year ago. In a related field it might be mentioned that we could have had a transport jet in the Russian manner five years ago, merely by converting a few B-47's and calling them transports. It is true that to wait an extra six or twelve months in order to get a better missile for production may, when the chips are down, count for more than a jump start. It is certainly true that the U.S. moon, with its varied instruments and the then completed observation chain, will be of far greater scientific value than Sputnik, when, and if, it orbits.

It is a major—and not unheard of—mistake to judge the Soviet public transportation system by the

Moscow subway, which is the world's most luxurious and beautiful. We should also take a look at the rickety street cars swelling with packed bodies, the carts in the mud, the 650-mile main road from Poland to Moscow served by five gas stations and virtually empty (as the *New York Times*' correspondent, James Reston, just reported) of cars and buses. Nor will we make a just appraisal of Soviet educational facilities by looking over the skyscraping Moscow University. The Potemkin Village, a showpiece for strangers, is an old Russian device.

But having said all this, we have not yet zeroed in on Sputnik. For it is not the technical, scientific or even military dimensions that are decisive, any more than the physical. We do not reach the heart of the matter until we shift our estimate to the political, psychological, and moral. So focused, the launching of Sputnik appears as a portent far darker than any immediate military danger. The Soviet lunar achievement is uncivilized, irrational, in terms of their economic needs and resources, and nihilist in terms of the methods of humane civilization. (At the very moment that their mechanical satellite settled into its spatial ellipse, the students and workers of one of their human satellites were massing in the streets to cry their hatred of Russian Bolshevik inhumanity.) It may even be that project Sputnik has hampered somewhat instead of speeded their long-term technical and military program. But politically and psychologically Sputnik is an immense and unmixed triumph, both for what it is and what it signifies.



Sputnik proves once more that the Communist leaders are *serious* in a meaning that the Western leaders have not shared; that the Communists know they are in a struggle, a supreme contest; and that they have resolved to win. In order to win, they act to break the enemy's will to resist. They judged rightly how powerful a moral blow to that end would be the first Columbus-thrust into outer space.

It is not moons and missiles and rockets that have sunk us into the dull lethargy so well symbolized by the President's initial lack of any response whatever, except another round of golf, to the news of Sputnik. Ten years ago we had absolute technical superiority over the Communists; five years ago we had massive relative superiority; and today our military margin is still large. Yet we did little ten years ago to make our freedoms prevail, and we do little now. What does it matter whether we match or counter-match their moons, if we have lost the will to survive?

The really disastrous news the first week of October was not from space but from Warsaw. We are losing not because we cannot compete with their gadgets but because we do not have the courage to stand with Bolshevism's victims when they come into the streets, ready to fight for freedom.

Phases of the Moon

1. The Red Moon that has been trailing its beeps around the globe has caught us with our expectations down. In such a predicament one's immediate impulse is to try to laugh the whole matter off. But the laugh must inevitably die into a nervous titter, for two things insist on being faced. The first is that the Soviets have achieved a propaganda ten-strike (see the foregoing editorial, "The Moon is Up"). The second is the mixed technological and military implication of the celestial gadget, and what its appearance in the sky has to tell us by indirection about the state of our own ballistics missile program.

To the question, "What good is the moon?", there is an easy answer: it is primarily good as a scientific stunt. Behind the stunt, however, there is the far more ominous fact that the Soviets have developed rockets capable of lifting a satellite and sending it off in more or less level flight at an impressive height above the earth's crust. Maybe, as a couple of U.S. generals have asserted, the U.S. could have done this two years ago; maybe, as outgoing Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson says, the Russians haven't yet snagged on to an "operational" intercontinental missile. Nevertheless, the demonstration of Soviet ability to make use of the German rocket scientists whom they seized in 1945 is profoundly unsettling even though it took them twelve years to harvest the crop.

Congress can hardly be satisfied with routine explanations and excuses; it must find out why our missile and "moon" projects were split apart at their inception, it must get to the bottom of the periodic rocket-testing fizzles off the East Florida coast, and it must see to it that the Pentagon is either getting the missile research money it needs or not misapplying the considerable sums that it already has. Finally, the moon should not be allowed to panic anybody into the idea that international "moon control" is the answer to anything. While they are, in effect, riding roughshod through the skies the Soviets will hardly join in any "control" efforts save on their own terms, which would be equivalent to complete and abysmal surrender on our part.

2. Taking the moon *qua* moon and forgetting the rockets that lifted it into the skies and headlines, it is, of course, a prime example of modern pyramid building. We say this as a confirmed anti-space organ which doubts the value of being told from 500 miles away that it's mighty cold up thar, or that cosmic rays seem to be dancing about, or that the earth looks mighty small when you look at it through an interstellar telescope. We doubt even that the human being who first sets foot on the real moon will find anything more rewarding than he might find on the upper slopes of Mt. Vesuvius.

It *would* be rewarding, we do not doubt, if human beings could ultimately reach a *colonizable* planet in a solar system up Arcturus way. But we have always wondered just what the occupants of a space ship plan to eat and drink during the long light-years of their voyage to any worth-while point in the universe. And assuming they could go without nourishment, what would they do about growing old, dying, or giving birth to some successors, while still in transit?

The effort to break the hold on human beings of the Antaeus legend (he's the fellow who had to keep a foot on the earth to maintain his strength) is the more pernicious when we forget the paradoxes of science fiction and concentrate on what governments can do to their citizens in order to funnel energy into the making of moons. In Soviet Russia, bribed German scientists live on caviar while the gaunt myrmidons on the earthly satellites struggle to keep body and soul together. The IWW used to sing a song:

"Work and pray,
Live on hay,
There'll be pie
In the Sky
When you die."

Now there's a second moon in the sky. The Russian people have probably already discovered that it is even less edible than hay.

3. Again we recur to the necessity for making a really powerful rocket to counter fear with fear. And to the hydrogen warheads which the Soviets can apparently provide for their own missiles. Let's forget the moon and worry about those hydrogen bombs which the Soviets have been testing in Eastern Siberia.



Dulles: "Congratulations, Mr. Gromyko, on your first success with a satellite!"

Crabs, Fillets and \$70 Billion

If you're interested in finding out how to fillet a flounder or mend a fishing net, you can get that information in a lavish color film produced by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (if you can find out where it is being shown). If your interests are more specific, 20 cents to the Government Printing Office will get you a leaflet entitled "How to Cook Crabs—describing crabs and their preparation." We have it on the authority of a reader. If your major preoccupation is fatigue in everyday life, for two bits the Printing Office will send you "Posture in Housework" with the information, seventeen pages long, that "sitting saves energy."

It is five years since General Eisenhower blew his top over a Truman-era brochure instructing housewives in the art of dishwashing, and the government still is deep in the publishing and public relations fields. It has over 30,000 titles listed now. And more are in preparation, many with the object of convincing us with chart, graph and color layout why it is impossible to operate the government (and particularly Department "X"), on less than, say, \$70 billion a year.

Too “Free” to be True

In order to talk sense about the Father Halton case at Princeton, we must distinguish sharply between “academic freedom” (which may be defined as freedom of teaching as officially formulated today in this country’s leading universities) and academic freedom without the quotation marks. The former, which insists that a university is a place where all points of view can be accommodated, where no one can get into trouble for what he thinks unless besides thinking it he “conspires” on behalf of it, is what Plato called a “true falsehood”—that is, a lie in the soul about reality. There can be no such place, and even if there could be such a place it ought not be allowed to exist. The educational theories that underlie the “academic freedom” appropriate to such a place are both wicked and false. By insisting that all ideas must be tolerated, a situation is automatically generated in which true ideas get persecuted as a matter of course; by wedding the untruth that no man has any business calling another man wrong, those theories render inevitable the university’s divorce from all men who love the Truth.

The astonishing thing, therefore, about the Father Halton case is not that it happened sooner than one would have expected, and at a university in which one would not have expected it to happen at all; but rather that it should have been postponed so long, and that Princeton should, for the moment, look as if it were way out in front of Columbia and Harvard and Yale. It is not: the leader in the field, by eight lengths of the Yard, is surely Harvard. And anyone who thinks the issues involved in the case are up for the last time little realizes what exciting days we have ahead of us.

Let us be quite clear what the main issue is. Princeton accuses Father Halton of having made “irresponsible attacks” upon the “intellectual integrity of members of its faculty,” and of having put forward “unsubstantiated charges of malfeasance against the administration of the University.” But what is obviously at stake is Father Halton’s refusal—we should have thought natural enough in a deeply-convinced Christian—to equate academic discussion with discussion conducted on Liberal who’s-to-say-what’s-right premises, or to concede that an all-points-of-view-to-be-represented university ought to exist. And what Princeton had clearly been demanding of Father Halton was not that he mind his manners but rather that he abandon—or at least not treat seriously—his religious beliefs, or, if not that, cease to draw from them even the most obvious inferences.

This Father Halton, quite properly, refused to do—as the next true Christian at the next of the nation’s leading universities will also refuse to do when the demand is made upon him. Nor could there be any

more dismal commentary upon the quality of Princeton’s intellectual life than that the University should have reacted to his refusal with incomprehension and consternation. Surely President Goheen has someone on his faculty—aged, perhaps, but still able to speak—who can explain to him the inevitability of the conflict between Christianity and Relativism, and tell him about the Christian’s duty to bear witness. Or hasn’t he?

The lesson to be drawn from Father Halton’s dismissal is not that Princeton has too little “academic freedom” but too much, which is to say more than a university *can* have and still maintain a healthy relation with the Truth of which Western Civilization is the carrier. And the question the dismissal poses is not whether our universities are less “free” than they ought to be, but whether there is still any hope of making them over in the image of what they were one hundred years ago, when a man determined to speak the truth that was in him could feel at home in them. Of making them, that is, less “free” but more *free*.

“Oops, Sorry!”

Hartford Times, editorial, September 30: “The Little Rock incident is shameful enough. Its treatment in Russian papers looks like an image in the distorting mirrors of a carnival. The Russian propaganda machine has found some material well fitted to its purposes. Not satisfied with the truth, the Communist press is exaggerating, and as usual, lying.”

Hartford Times, news story, September 30: “Asked what comment the Russians made on [the Little Rock school situation] Mrs. Roosevelt said: ‘They said exactly what happened. There was no comment of any kind.’”

Hartford Times, editorial, October 2: “Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has just returned from a twenty-five day tour of the Soviet Union. She has made some interesting and pertinent observations that merit the consideration of all thoughtful persons.”

MR. WHITTAKER CHAMBERS’ first article for NATIONAL REVIEW, on Communism and the Middle East, will appear in the next issue.

Our Contributors: Although FINIS FARR (“Princeton and the Priest”) is rather severely critical of President Robert F. Goheen, they have this in common: Both are Presbyterians and graduates of Princeton and the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia. . . . WARREN EYSTER (“Stacking the Deck”) is a novelist; author of *No Country for Old Men* and *The Goblins of Eros*.



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Lessons of Strike Back

Under the code name, Exercise Strike Back, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization conducted from September 18-28 the most extensive naval maneuvers of its career. The NATO fleet was, essentially, a large United States force supplemented by auxiliaries from Great Britain and a few other NATO members.

Although the language of the official communiqués has been kept even emptier than usual, the correspondents have been permitted to transmit a modest quota of information: enough to suggest that Strike Back exposed grave deficiencies. The carrier planes designed for nuclear bomb delivery are evidently so slow as to be painfully vulnerable to the newer trans-sonic pursuit planes. Not only between the national divisions of the combined fleets, where lack of joint practice would make it almost inevitable, but among the units of the U. S. Navy and even within individual ships, liaison and communications were faulty. American correspondents assigned to Strike Back, in particular Mr. Hanson Baldwin, have stressed a deterioration of U. S. naval personnel in both efficiency and spirit.

This last defect is more serious than any troubles with equipment. Wars are won and lost by men, not by hardware. And it would be wrong to saddle the Navy with sole blame for a current technical and moral decline in its men.

More than in the case of any other military branch, a navy can be first-rate only when it is a professional, tightly disciplined elite organization, indoctrinated with an unswerving sense of mission. Mr. Baldwin's passing comments show how these qualities have been eroded by the internal regime forced on the Navy by the Pentagon, the White House, and our national state of mind.

The turnover of naval personnel is so rapid that there is no time to train teams that can really handle a ship,

much less a fleet. Doctrinaire "democratization" notions tend to equate temporary reserve officers with dedicated Annapolis graduates; to impose unworkable forms of Negro integration; to sacrifice naval training time to "orientation" studies in liberal ideology; to stress I.Q. and purely intellectual achievement as the only criteria of advance, to the neglect of moral outlook, motivation and character—always the decisive traits for true leadership of men.

It would seem that the Establishment wants a Navy fashioned in its own image.

But What Doctrine?

Left unmentioned in the comments are the still prior questions implicit in the conduct of Exercise Strike Back. What strategic doctrine is to govern the development of a NATO navy? What is its mission? What controlling policy are the NATO navy and the entire NATO establishment designed to serve?

Viewed in military terms, Strike Back seemed to straddle three possible naval missions: 1) the traditional "keeping the sea lanes clear," with emphasis on anti-submarine operations; 2) strategic nuclear bombing with carrier-based planes; 3) "little war" actions, with low yield nuclear weapons possibly added to conventional armament.

These three missions, however, could not be operationally reconciled. Effective anti-submarine work requires the massing of the naval units; defense against nuclear attack requires their very wide dispersal. Little war actions need a force composition quite different from that of a nuclear striking fleet, and are in any case not exclusively naval in any traditional sense.

Strike Back's NATO navy was, in reality, a big, souped-up World War II-type carrier striking force.

The U. S. Navy strategists claim an integral role for such a force in the "massive retaliatory" arm. The Strike Back maneuvers, by what they revealed about the doubtful performance of the carrier-based planes and the vulnerability of the carriers themselves, have weakened these Navy claims. It becomes more probable that, for the mission of strategic bombing in all-out war, carriers and the carrier striking force are obsolescent. If so, military security and fiscal sanity demand that the fact be quickly admitted, and the billions of dollars now going in the strategic direction diverted to a more useful product.

To recognize the fact—if it is a fact—will also best serve the special interests of the Navy. If the Navy stakes its future on a false strategic doctrine, it may end up getting liquidated altogether. The Navy might find firmer ground by taking the lead in calling for a shift away from a strategic carrier theory to a concentration on, perhaps, missile-carrying nuclear submarines plus a naval concept of little wars.

Below the questions of strategic doctrine are still deeper issues of policy. What is the mission of the NATO military structure as a whole, of which the naval force is one part? What is it supposed to do, under what circumstances? To defend Europe? But how, when and where, against what?

Is the defense—the Strike Back—only against an open all-out attack by the Soviet Union? But open all-out attack isn't the real problem. The past year has illustrated the kind of actual circumstance that bears on European security. When confronted by the opportunity of the Hungarian revolt and the threat of the Soviet entry into the Middle East (which is Europe's southeastern flank), NATO was unable to make any response. Its irrelevant policy had decreed an inadequate military doctrine; the inadequate doctrine had dictated a military structure inappropriate to the challenges that were in fact, and will continue to be, presented. There is no use building an army if you have decided in advance that it will never be allowed to fight.

NATO no doubt needs faster planes, fancier missiles, better communications and tougher discipline. But what it needs first is a policy.

Princeton and the Priest

Father Halton can no longer march in Princeton's academic processions; but, argues Mr. Farr, he now holds an invaluable honorary degree in reverse

FINIS FARR

Sociologists from Princeton University, as industrious as they are learned, are currently concerned with a number of subjects, including the development of the metropolitan area of New Delhi, India; the higher bureaucracy in the civil service of Egypt; cultural changes in Puerto Rico; homicide and suicide in Africa; and the social system among inmates of jails. All very interesting and important, to be sure—but with the opening of the fall term, an event took place on their own academic doorstep whose implications they might profitably study for months or even years to come. The event was the sensational and unprecedented ousting of the University's Roman Catholic chaplain, the Rev. Hugh Halton, O.P., M.A., D.Phil. (Oxon.), a priest of the Dominican Order.

The announcement of Father Halton's proscription was highly dramatic, and I have no doubt the authorities meant it to be so. It was one of the first official acts of Princeton's new president, Dr. Robert F. Goheen, who read the statement of dismissal at the first regular faculty meeting of his administration. The statement referred to the chaplain as an "offending individual," and declared that he was no longer entitled to claim any official standing in the University, or avail himself of any of its courtesies and privileges. The reason: he had made irresponsible attacks on the intellectual integrity of faculty members; he had accused the university administration itself of malfeasance; he had criticized other institutions not specified; he had stirred up emotional controversies; and he had even alienated many of the Catholic students and professors in his spiritual charge. No university devoted to the freedom of rational inquiry need hold still for a fellow of this sort. There would be no argument about it. The issue

was closed: "The grounds for the University's action are sound and require no defense." And to batten down the hatches of academic freedom against a possible storm, the tough little president, who has been touted as the greatest thing in education since Arnold of Rugby, concluded, "I would reaffirm the essential importance of intelligent debate in our free society. It is hard, however, to see how heated controversy on the views and status of this priest could serve any good purpose. It is my earnest hope that the members of the Princeton faculty will exercise a high degree of restraint and patience in the weeks ahead and avoid provoking controversy on issues which are not involved."

Printed and Whispered

The strongly implied warning in Dr. Goheen's last paragraph was probably not needed; for it appears that Father Halton has already been vilified more than any person ever to appear in University circles, with few if any voices raised in his defense. He has been described as a "demented Dominican" in a letter in the undergraduate *Daily Princetonion*, and similarly abused in many other letters published; he was referred to in unprintable terms in a notice posted on the paper's bulletin board; he has been the object of a whispering campaign as to his sanity and probity by both town and gown; and in one of the town newspapers he was charged with having violated the privacy of the confessional. This latter accusation was the result of a misunderstanding by one of the paper's staff members of an incident with which Father Halton had no connection. The paper made retraction; but the fact that such an item could find its way into print without

corroboration will give some idea of the climate of opinion in which the ousted chaplain has been trying to do his work.

The work began with the retirement, in 1952, of the former Roman Catholic chaplain, who had been in the post for nearly twenty-five years, and was later to be described by Dr. Goheen as a "beloved and respected" member of the University family. This priest had celebrated Mass on the campus in Alexander Hall, setting up and taking down a portable altar for his services. On his retirement, the Bishop of Trenton consulted with the American head of the Dominican Order about a successor, and Father Halton, thirty-nine and bursting with zeal, energy and learning, was their choice.

Looking over his new job, Father Halton felt the first thing he should do was get a permanent Catholic religious center for the University. By begging far and wide, he raised \$60,000 to buy the large house on Library Place which had last been occupied by Thomas Mann. Here he remodeled two big rooms into a light, airy chapel which overlooks the garden. As a Protestant on Catholic terrain, I had that slight feeling of being a cat in a strange garret when I inspected the chapel the other day; but it seemed like a good place and an asset to the community. In addition, the house contains a library and meeting rooms. This is the Aquinas Institute—the religious facility provided by the Diocese of Trenton for the Catholics of Princeton University. Father Halton is its Director.

There are about 400 Catholic undergraduates in Princeton, and I suppose the authorities were pleased, when the Institute first opened, that Princeton men had a good place to go for services. But the same authorities were very shortly scandalized by the use to which Father Halton

put his pulpit. From that platform, and in lectures throughout New Jersey and the East, he began to assail the foundations of the Liberal Establishment. One can imagine the cold fury of some who felt that without his Princeton connection, which was really rather tenuous, he would not have so large an audience up and down the land. Obviously he touched very sensitive nerves, for, precisely as Dr. Goheen stated, many highly emotional controversies almost immediately broke out.

Typical Controversies

To detail all the controversies that swirled around Father Halton's head would take more than an entire issue of this magazine. But typical, and perhaps central to this entire affair, was his stand in the matter of Dr. Walter T. Stace, a rather weird Englishman who read philosophy in his abundant leisure time during twenty-two years in the civil service on the Island of Ceylon, later became a notable writer and thinker, and finally retired, a couple of years ago, as a highly respected Princeton faculty member. The priest and the professor tangled on the latter's view of the possibility of a purposed universe, which, as nearly as I can figure out, is that of an old-fashioned village atheist of the Fighting Bob Ingersoll school. This view is unacceptable to the Roman Catholic Church, and Father Halton cried out against it in a series of sermons and lectures. He maintained that if the metaphysics of Dr. Stace are given an official flavor by Princeton teaching, it is too dangerous a dose to hand out to young students—it puts their faith, and indeed, their souls, in danger. This would be quite understandable to Belloc, Chesterton or C. S. Lewis, laughable to H. G. Wells. In any event, Father Halton has given the Stacean canon such close study that it is hard to understand how his charges, in this matter, can be dismissed as “unsubstantiated.” Unwelcome, yes—but the substance lies in the work of Dr. Stace.

At this point, comic relief enters the scene. Another protagonist in the Halton affair is Dr. George W. Elderkin, a professor emeritus turned pamphleteer, who mortally hates and fears the Romish Pope. Dr. Elderkin



warns of three major dangers facing us today: the first Russia, the second West Germany (“conceived in Rome and born in Washington”), and the third the Vatican. He recently published a rigmarole about a Catholic woman who was ordered to pay fifty dollars to the Pope for the baptism of an adopted child. The embattled professor demands, “Do mother’s mites produce archbishop’s mitres?” and refers to Cardinal Spellman as “the Jupiter of Madison Avenue,” who is spying out the land for a return of fascism. The professor writes that he believes the Vatican has drawn up plans to infiltrate the six leading American universities, and that Father Halton, a “fulminating Jupiter” (like the Cardinal), is planning to move in on the U.S. Government itself as soon as he has finished his evil work at Princeton.

Dr. Elderkin went into a tailspin when the Knights of Columbus conferred an award of some kind on FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover (a Presbyterian, like me), and said the Bureau was playing “right into the hands of a church that will stop at nothing to destroy our religious rights.” The top FBI spokesman, Methodist Louis B. Nichols, tartly replied that he for one would not like to have on his conscience the responsibility for such “falsehoods and half-truths” as appeared in the Elderkin pamphlets. Professor Elderkin’s writings are indeed a rich mine for students of human absurdity; yet there is also in this material a note of aroused bigotry as ugly as it is clumsy. And it is not at all reassuring to reflect that the Elderkin material, much of it devoted to unrestrained abuse of Chaplain Halton, is distributed at 75 cents

and one dollar a copy, as the title page states, “By the Princeton University Store.”

Now we come to the part of the story which gives substance to the charge that Father Halton alienated some of his fellow Catholics in the University community. In writing on this part of the affair, an outsider must tread as delicately as King Agag before Samuel, and risk the same fate. Some of the relevant facts are as follows: Hugh Stott Taylor, the Dean of the Graduate College, occupies a very prominent place at Princeton. Indeed, he is entitled to a “Sir” before his name, since he has recently experienced, as a British citizen, the high gratification of being made a Knight Commander of the British Empire. But we shall give him his American title. Dean Taylor surely must look about him at Wyman House, the Dean’s residence, with great pride and satisfaction in all he sees, for his academic origins, if the truth be told, were at Redbrick rather than Oxbridge, and he spent many years of his life as a chemistry professor.

Now he is a Dean and more: he is the highest ranking Catholic in the University family. And when Father Halton began to inveigh against Professor Stace, and other people and things around Princeton, Dean Taylor was embarrassed and displeased. He thought of the Foul Fiend incarnate, McCarthy, who held the nation in fear and trembling: a Catholic. Now there was this chaplain, talking up a storm, and with that undeniable Oxford degree: a Catholic. They made one ashamed, they really did, and something ought to be done.

At last the Dean’s complaints became known to the Bishop; became known on an even higher level; but there was no satisfaction. Meditating in the Dean’s Garden, where there is planted a sprig of ivy from Martin Luther’s house at Wittenberg, and in whose wall are window arches from the atheist Shelley’s Oxford college, the former chemistry professor at last came to an inescapable conclusion: Father Halton would have to be turned over to the secular arm. He went to the Trustees.

University trustees seem to have changed a great deal since the comparatively recent days of the

Thurber-Nugent play, *The Male Animal*, in which the trustee-villain was a wicked man who didn't like Sacco and Vanzetti. Princeton's trustees, listening with what must have been genuine sympathy to the complaints of certain University Catholics and others against Father Halton, decided among themselves, "That fellow's got to go." The question was, when; and as might be expected from a body which is still conservative in procedure though not always so in thought, it was decided to watch and wait. Maybe things would get so uncomfortable for Father Halton that of his own accord he would ask his Church superiors to send him away.

Opposed Hiss Lecture

The chance that Halton's enemies were waiting for came with the visit of Alger Hiss to the Princeton campus in April 1956. While Hiss was receiving the standing ovation of the group of undergraduates who had invited him to speak, Father Halton, the only person connected with the University to protest, was asking the nation why the University authorities had permitted the invitation. "In an academic community dedicated to a search for an enduring truth," he said, "an unrepentant perjurer has nothing to say." The priest added that this was a moral crisis, and that Princeton wasn't coming through it very well.

That did it. The trustees decided to get rid of Halton as soon as Princeton's then president, Harold W. Dodds, had retired. Dr. Dodds laid down his burden last June, in the full odor of sanctity. He had received credit for everything that went right during his administration, and no criticism whatever, save from mavericks without standing, for what went wrong. In the same month, let us note, a new trustee was welcomed aboard for a term of service. He was the Rev. Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, Stated Clerk (administrative head) of the main body of Presbyterians. Dr. Blake undoubtedly was in favor of ousting Father Halton, for although he frequently busies himself in extending the right hand of fellowship to Communist "churchmen," he has kept a very stern eye on Catholics. "Protestant leaders have the responsibility," he has said, "to cast the

spotlight upon all Roman hierarchy efforts to subvert American freedom." Dr. Blake had also joined his colleague, President John A. Mackay of the Princeton Theological Seminary, who may some day earn the title of America's Red Dean, in endorsing the peculiar but official "Letter to Presbyterians" which in 1953 raised the familiar party-line alarms about congressional inquiries and creeping fascism. But whether or not Dr. Blake had anything to do with it, the trustees in June at last decided to withdraw the University's recognition from Father Halton, and this fall, as we have seen, Dr. Goheen cast him into outer darkness.

But is he obliterated? As the trustees knew, stripping Halton of his chaplaincy was one thing; getting him out of the Aquinas Institute, or out of Princeton town, was quite

"I have sinned academically: I have challenged the premises and postulates of the Establishment. I have engaged in rational debate on the fundamental principles of faith and reason."

FATHER HALTON

another. The Bishop in Trenton has the say about that—and so far, he has said that "the facilities of the Aquinas Institute will continue to be available to the Catholic students at Princeton," and "Father Halton will continue as director." If the Bishop so wishes, Father Halton can stay at the Institute as long as he lives. It is a pretty good bet that he will not leave it very soon. Will he, then, continue to be an object of dislike and disapproval on the part of the majority of upper-class persons in town and gown? The answer seems to be yes, in all probability. Princeton is a town where Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer is held in high general esteem, in spite of the fact—one might almost think *because* of the fact—that a responsible board has held that we shall all be safer if he stays away from our weapon systems. Beyond that, Princeton is a company town. And as in all company towns, its citizens are extremely sensitive to status. Even its wealthy and successful non-academic residents—and

there are a great many of them—take a considerable interest in the University. If Prospect (the President's) House and Wyman House and Nassau Hall disapprove of a certain priest, few will be inclined to work very hard to find reasons to approve of him, and none, in all probability, will take the trouble to go over the matters in dissension point by point. And in many places, whispered vilification will be in the air.

Field for Research

As a matter of fact, those social scientists who have been advised to study the Halton ouster should proceed from it to the entire ecological complex of Princeton, town and gown. Here is the field for a study to rank with the famous inventories of Middletown and Yankee City. Here we have an openly recognized achieved-status ladder, in the academic rankings; here are the same six social classes that were identified in Newburyport; and here are enough ingroups and outgroups to keep the researchers happy for many a day. Here also they would find evidence of an important and useful sociological analogy, which might well be brought to their councils for discussion. The analogy is, that Protestant intellectuals regard Catholics very much as the inhabitants of Mississippi regard Negroes: all very well so long as they keep their place and don't try to mix into white folks' business. This was classically demonstrated when Halton took a hand in the Hiss affair.

After the Hiss affair, the maverick alumni who thought it a betrayal and a disgrace were very much surprised when the general body of alumni put on the greatest annual giving campaign of all time, with over \$1,200,000 contributed in absolutely unrestricted funds. This seems to bear out the dictum of Pareto, that the sentiments never die. Perhaps when formal religion and patriotism are on the wane, those sentiments go into blind alumni loyalty. The University can use this loyalty, for it has announced a budget of over \$18 million for the coming year.

As for Father Halton, he can no longer march in his Oxford gown and

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Clamor for Technological Training Threatens Humane Learning

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

The financial crisis and the situation in Little Rock are the chief subjects of discussion in Britain this week. But I'm inclined to think there's another subject which, though less spectacular, may be even more important.

A few days ago British school-children went back to school: in a few days university undergraduates will go back to their colleges. Everyone, I suppose, would agree that the future of a country depends very largely on the quality of its education or at least of its educated people, which may not be the same thing. But there is probably less agreement now than ever before on what constitutes a good education or an educated man. Yet there can be no more vital question. If the Western world is concerned about its physical armaments, it should be even more concerned about the spiritual armament of the men behind the weapons. If that armament is defective, we may very well lose the Third World War without firing a shot, for our enemies know exactly what they mean by a good education.

At my own college in Oxford there was one professed Communist and a number of extreme left-wingers on the teaching staff. I don't believe they did much harm: indeed a case could be made out for saying they did some good. Just as a man brought up in a germ-free atmosphere is liable to fall victim to the first infection he meets, so it may be prudent at university level to bring young minds into contact with ideas which sooner or later they must learn to challenge. I'm more concerned about whether those young minds are being properly exercised in the use of ideas at all, ideas which must provide them with both armor and weapons.

The current clamor is for more scientific and technical education. One of the reasons urged for this is the great number of technologists being trained in Russia, but it should never be forgotten that the Soviet

educational system even in technical schools insists on a large proportion of the syllabus being devoted to Communist theory and ideological discussion. Far be it from me to suggest we should be teaching our children more sociology or citizenship or any of those woolly subjects. What I do suggest is that Western civilization is not a technological system or even a corpus of knowledge but a complex tradition of ideas and beliefs, songs and stories, facts and fancies, men and events. This tradition will never be defended against an alien ideology if our zeal for scientific knowledge makes us forget the purposes for which that knowledge should be applied. The death of Ronald Knox a few weeks ago served to remind us how rare his sort of liberal learning has become. More people know more facts but steadily fewer of them are recognizably at home in this old house of Western civilization, which has its roots in Athens, Rome and Jerusalem. Doubtless there will always be scholars, but that is no comfort: humane learning must not become a kind of specialized science.

If we turn from the universities to the schools, we find the same assault in progress. Government and industry alike demand more scientists. "What's the use of Latin?" asks the plain man. Then there are the egalitarians who object to any form of abstract learning because it leads to social discrimination. This fits in nicely with the general attack on the Public [private] Schools and sometimes develops into an attack even on the Grammar Schools.

On the lowest and therefore the broadest rung of the educational ladder we find a certain amount of straightforward left-wing propaganda. There are a great many, perhaps a majority, of Socialist teachers in the state primary schools and some of them do not teach in an impartial

way. And there are Communists. The London County Council refuses to appoint a declared Communist as headmaster of any school under its jurisdiction, but the Council has been much attacked for intolerance and few local authorities follow its example. Only last March a Northamptonshire magistrate, who is also a manager of a primary school, was rash enough to ask a prospective master whether he happened to be a member of the Communist Party. The Chairman immediately ruled this question out of order: the clerk said sharply that such questions must never be asked: and the candidate said his union wouldn't allow him to answer anyway.

It seems to me a very odd system which asks a prospective schoolmaster about his age and his ability at games and his knowledge of physical science, but refuses to ask about his views on the nature of man and the proper purpose of education. Politics and religion are not irrelevant to what goes on in schools. It would be no compliment to a Communist to suggest that, when children are entrusted to his care, he would cynically refuse to lead them towards the light. Children between the ages of five and eleven are not yet equipped to evaluate the ideas of their teachers or to recognize propaganda when they see it.

Generally speaking, British schools are probably as free from political indoctrination as any in the world. But in so far as education deals with ideas it can never be wholly separated from political implications. Two things seem to follow from this. First, we must recognize that education does and should deal with ideas, that ideas are more properly the material of education than any mere accumulation of facts, that the ability to move familiarly in the world of ideas is the real sign of an educated man. Second, we must oppose most rigorously every assault on the traditions of humane learning, every attempt to force all schools into the sausage-machine of the State.

Whatever may be said about the Communists, nobody has ever maintained that they underrate the importance of ideas. It will be a bad day for the West if our intellectual equipment is allowed to degenerate until we have no armor against their attack.

The Union Firing Line

Big Labor, in its latest battle for conscript members and money, is dragooning its "ignorant armies" into action on the Southwestern front

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

At this writing fifteen non-operating railway unions are taking a strike vote among employees of the Santa Fe. Not only are they taking a strike vote; they are sending in teams of union officials from outside the Santa Fe system to help bring about a "favorable" result. The instructions to "local union officers, local chairmen, committeemen and members" reveal a high-pressure campaign:

All employees will be personally contacted. No ballots will be sent through the mails to individual employees... Sufficient International personnel... will be assigned to assist local Union Officers... plans should be made to hold mass meetings in order that employees may be adequately informed of all developments and *voted in volume* [my emphasis]... Time is essential in this matter... You may have many ideas of your own that will assist in obtaining a favorable vote. Will sincerely welcome such ideas since without the help of our loyal local union Officers, Committeemen, and Members our task will be a difficult one indeed.

The idea that will no doubt help most in "obtaining a favorable vote" somewhat antedated these instructions. It is embodied in the official strike ballot—and not in its statement of the issue, either, but in the provision of spaces in which the voter (in the presence of the union officer who has "contacted" him) must state his name, address, occupation, the name of his union, the number of his local, and his membership number.

No secret ballot, this. Any union member foolhardy enough to vote against a strike will be laying himself open to retaliation by his union officials; and any non-member voting No will be aware that he, too, is likely to incur dire penalties as soon as a union shop gives the labor oligarchy power to inflict them. And anyone (except members of the Supreme Court) who has read the con-

stitutions of the unions taking the vote knows that they wield a power over their members, even to the point of expulsion—which, the law to the contrary notwithstanding, often means loss of job where the union shop prevails—that would be denounced as Hitlerian tyranny if any legislative body—federal, state or local—tried to impose it on U.S. citizens.

Early in the negotiations preceding this strike vote the Santa Fe requested an election by secret ballot, to be conducted by the National Mediation Board. The union officials refused; a secret ballot under impartial auspices would of course have meant that they could neither determine who was eligible to vote, nor control the votes of employees, nor even conduct an unsupervised count of the ballots—privileges which they naturally set great store by. (In this connection it is interesting to note that according to the *American Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* the secret ballot was introduced in Rome in 139 B.C. to keep the Patricians from intimidating the Plebeians. *O tempora, O mores*, as the Romans said.)

Obscuring the Issue

If the ballot is *not* secret, however, the reason for the strike vote is—that is, it is as secret as the union officials could keep it. The management learned about their reticence and issued a clarifying statement to the employees; a statement which predictably will not weigh decisively against the retaliatory power of the unions.

The issue is, simply, the refusal of the Santa Fe management to agree to discharge an employee, under a union-shop contract, for non-payment of union dues, fees and assessments without assurance that no part of such funds is to be used for

political purposes being promoted by union officials.

The unions rejected this condition, and in consequence the union shop negotiations broke down. And so the Santa Fe employees are being asked to sanction a strike which, should it take place, would be fought at tremendous expense to commerce, the traveling public, the railroad, and above all to the striking workers—and all to the end that union officials may be free to shake down Santa Fe employees for involuntary contributions to parties, candidates and political ideologies with which those employees may not sympathize or which they may even violently oppose.

But the unions could hardly tell this to the rank and file without risking a rebellion which even the open ballot, with its threat of reprisal, could not stem. And so the pending issue is stated on the ballot as follows: "Request that the management agree to a union shop and check off agreement in accordance with terms agreed upon by practically all other carriers."

What this definition of the issue omits is any hint of the reason why the Santa Fe takes exception to the "terms agreed upon by practically all the other carriers." Nor is that reason mentioned in the accompanying "Official Circular," although the agreement is set forth therein. It is the "Eastern Agreement," accepted by most Eastern roads following the amendment of the Railway Labor Act in 1951, to permit the union shop, and since signed by most other carriers. Under its terms workers are not only obliged, as a condition of employment, to become union members, but they are also obliged to permit the management to withhold from their pay envelopes union dues, fees and assessments (the "check-off")—with no protection against the use of those funds for any purpose, includ-

ing any political purpose, that may seem desirable to their union overlords. (The McClellan Committee hearings have revealed some extremely peculiar uses—both political and personal—which certain powerful union bosses have found it desirable to make of the involuntary contributions of their rank and file.)

The "Official Circular" contains in some five pages of closely spaced print less accurate information in more words than you are likely to find outside the briefs introduced by these same unions in the lawsuits through which railway workers have attempted to avoid becoming conscript union members. It is unnecessary to discuss this ingeniously misleading document in detail. It is largely an alleged history of the union shop negotiations on American railways and of the attempts of rank-and-file workers to get the union shop declared unconstitutional. Its reliability can be gauged by the opening paragraph, which sets forth the disingenuous "free rider" argument, namely: The union winning a representation election is required by law to represent not only its own members in dealing with management but also non-union workers. But only union members bear the cost of maintaining the union and financing its dealings with management; the non-union workers are thus represented for free, which is patently unfair to union workers. Ergo, they should be forced, as a condition of employment, to become union members.

How to Finance a War

Sounds convincing; it merely leaves out the fact that the privilege of interposing between the non-union worker and his employer was demanded by the unions themselves and granted by a complaisant Congress. It is an important privilege. As one of the signers of this Circular, George M. Harrison, in 1950 told a congressional committee before which he represented the non-operating railway unions, "If I get a majority of the employees to vote for my union as bargaining agent, I have got as much bargaining power . . . as I will ever have."

The deeper issue involved in the Santa Fe strike vote is total power.

The vote is simply the latest move in the avowed war of Big Labor for control of the United States, both economic and political. To finance its offensive it requires the power to employ union funds. As Mr. Joseph L. Rauh, of ADA and Paul Hughes case notoriety, frankly told the Supreme Court on behalf of the United Automobile Workers, union officials cannot raise enough money from their members in voluntary contributions to finance their political activities; they *must* have recourse to the union treasuries. It would not occur to Mr. Rauh, of course, or to Mr. Walter Reuther who employed him, that there was anything wrong with using the involuntary contributions of union members for political purposes with which they might not agree if consulted. Messrs. Rauh and Reuther would no doubt regard as quaintly archaic the words (written by Thomas Jefferson) of the Virginia statute on religious liberty:

. . . to compel a man to furnish contributions of money for the propagation of opinions which he disbelieves and abhors is sinful and tyrannical.

And the Supreme Court might well share their view; for the Court—so prompt to defend the civil rights of Communists—has shown a strange indifference to the civil rights of plain Americans. However, in the Hanson decision of May 21, 1956, the Court, while it declared the union shop constitutional, left finally undecided the question whether union dues, fees and assessments might legally be used for purposes other than support of the collective bargaining agency. It merely endorsed uncritically the unions' "free rider" argument and said:

We only hold that the requirement for financial support of the collective bargaining agency by all who receive the benefits of its work is within the power of Congress under the Commerce Clause and does not violate either the Fifth or the First Amendments.

The Defense Does Not Rest

Several interesting developments followed the Hanson decision.

On June 10, 1957 the Georgia Supreme Court, reversing a lower court, decided that there was cause for action in a suit of workers (Looper *et al.*) to enjoin the enforcement of a

union shop contract. The Court based its decision on the fact that the Supreme Court had *not*, in the Hanson decision, "held that an employee can by contract be required as an alternative to losing his job to join a union which will use contributions he makes to it to promote ideological and political issues and candidates he opposes."

On May 28, 1957, the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad signed a union shop agreement requiring non-union workers and new employees to pay union dues, fees and assessments, but *not* requiring them to become union members. The Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad later signed an agreement along the same lines.

On July 25, 1956, the Supreme Court of Texas, which had dawdled along with the famous Sandsberry case until after the Hanson decision, finally got around to delivering an opinion, in which it said:

. . . the membership requirements of this contract and of the union shop statute are merely formal and fictional aside from the financial obligation. . . . The unwilling employee need assume no pledge of conformity nor promise of obedience, nor even make application for membership to retain employment under the Union Shop contract.

Following the Texas decision Sandsberry *et al* and the Santa Fe petitioned the Supreme Court for a writ of *certiorari* to review it. When this was denied, on March 25 of this year, the railroad had no choice but to negotiate with unions on their demand for the union shop.

What will happen after the Santa Fe strike has been voted? The procedures are established by the Railway Labor Act. The National Mediation Board, as a last resort, is required to offer arbitration. Such offers are rarely accepted when an important issue of principle is involved, and probably would not be in this case. If the Mediation Board thinks a strike may cripple commerce it is required so to inform the President, who may then appoint an emergency fact-finding board. After that board reports, neither the company nor the unions may act to alter the situation for a period of thirty days, at the end of which time, if no agreement has

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Here and There in Spain

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

American reporters who want his views on integration, Orval Faubus, and the liberation of Little Rock, may not know where to find him, but around Spain you can't turn the corner without running into the senior Senator from Arkansas, J. William Fulbright, here on his first visit. Last Sunday he was at the Plaza de Toros, for his first bull fight. He briefed himself by reading three books, and arrived understanding everything. (Let us hope he briefed himself on Spain by reading something besides Claude Bowers and Herbert Matthews.) His host was Ambassador John Davis Lodge. Six brave bulls perished at the hands of one brave matador, one not so brave, and a third who clearly thought better of this whole bull-fighting business early in the afternoon, very soon after the first bull mistook Paco's derriere for Paco's cape, and gave him a severe jouncing. Never did a bull receive so wide a berth as, at the hands of Paco Jimenez, the bulls received in Madrid, on Sunday, September 22, 1957.

Next Sunday Luis Miguel Dominguin will fight. He is the hero of Madrid, and of international femininity. It was he, playing the role of the young challenger, who egged the immortal Manolete on, in Linares in 1947, to a suicidal feat of bravery. The great but aging Mexican, Arruza, has also been fighting this summer, but on horseback. His family drove the bargain: you can go back to your damned bulls, but as a *rejoneador*—you don't get off that horse. Even so, he has triumphed. "I go all the time to the bull fights," an admirer of Arruza, for whom there is only one matador, said yesterday. "But when I go it is necessary not to think of Arruza. Because if I do, I hate the bullfight." Dominguin, who will get



twenty thousand dollars for his appearance on Sunday, is an ardent patriot. He refused to fight in Mexico until the authorities replaced the flag of the Republic with that of the existing regime, in the Plaza. If he has any sense, he will dedicate a bull on Sunday to Senator Fulbright. Or will no one whisper to him that between Senator Fulbright and the chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee there stands only a nonagenarian?

Soon, perhaps in the next few months, Franco will unveil the monument, thirteen years abuilding, to the dead of the Civil War. It is a cathedral, only inches shorter than St. Peter's, constructed within a mountain near Toledo. It is among the wonders of the world, both as a phenomenon and as an artistic achievement. An enormous cross sits on top of the mountain. Franco stipulated that it reach higher into the sky than the nearby Escorial monument to, and architectural triumph of, Philip the Second, whose first wife was Bloody Mary and who later launched the Armada against her half-sister, Elizabeth. "We are fit descendants of Don Quixote," a friend observed, mentally translating the twenty-million-dollar splendor of the monument into schools and electrical stations and gasoline pumps. The plans are to bury anyone killed in the war, whose family requests it, in crypts along the walls of the Cathedral. How many corpses will fit? I asked a worker. "Three hundred tons," he said.

In gay-sad Seville, in the heart of Andalusia, the gipsy Antonio, first *bailarin* of Spain, has scored a triumph, dancing at the annual summer festival in his home town, with his troop of forty-two dancers. (Antonio will return to New York season after next.) Seville has found the loss of Cardinal Segura a very light cross indeed. Shortly before he died,

Cardinal Segura, spiritual descendant of Torquemada, threatened to excommunicate any Sevilian caught dancing. He more or less openly questioned the Catholicity of the Pope. He lived on and on, dying last year, late in his seventies. "Upon the death of Cardinal Segura," a Sevilian told us, "he, and we, passed on to a better world."

There is a growing conviction on the part of those who were there, and saw it happen, that St. James the Apostle, patron saint of Spain, has once again intervened in her history. In 844 A.D., Ramiro the First, Christian king of that small portion of Spain that was not dominated by the Moors, had a dream in which St. James promised his help in any venture against the Arabs. Pursuant to that dream, Ramiro rallied his exiguous forces for a battle with the massive Arab legions in the North. The armies clashed at Clavijo. Things went badly, and the Spaniards were virtually routed when a horseman dressed in resplendent white appeared from nowhere and single-handed fought back the Arabs, with a flaming sword. The Spaniards, inspired, regrouped, charged back, and won the day: a critical victory in the long reconquest of Spain. The horseman disappeared; but as to his identity, no one was in doubt. Thenceforward James (Santiago) was accepted as national patron, and his feast day, July 25, is a great national holiday.

Early in the Civil War, the Republicans made a bold effort to relieve the siege of Madrid by a southeastward thrust deep into Nationalist territory. Franco awaited desperately the arrival of reinforcements, and for a few critical hours a lone tower, manned by two men and a single machine gun, arrested the Republican juggernaut. The tower was vital: but in a matter of minutes, the soldiers fell before enemy fire. Suddenly, in full view of the hundreds of combatants involved, a man dressed in white manned the machine gun, and for six hours, until the reinforcements arrived, held the enemy at bay. Rushing to the tower to relieve him, the commanding general found the dead soldiers, the smoking gun, no ammunition—and no white knight. The date: July 25, 1937.

New Fashions in Supreme Court Justices and Ivy League Presidents, II

WILLMOORE KENDALL

We spoke last week of Robert F. Goheen's appointment to the presidency of Princeton University, and of the half-hearted way in which the Liberal propaganda machine has gone about trying to answer the questions that unavoidably arise in its target audience's mind, namely: Why Mr. Goheen—instead of someone with a reputation as a thinker about education? Why Mr. Goheen—and not one of the nation's distinguished scholars, or some famed administrator, or at least a man with a country-wide reputation as a teacher? And we agreed to examine in detail the "case" a writer in the *New York Times Magazine* was able—or took the trouble—to make out for him. Well, here it is:

—He is Princeton's "youngest president in 200 years." Which is to say: Two hundred and one years ago Princeton had an even younger president, so the appointment is not unprecedented.

—He is a modest and unassuming fellow: "He glanced up at his visitor with a wry smile, and said: 'I'm still uncomfortable behind this desk—and the chair, it's far too big for me.'"

—However, he brings to his new post a considerable self-confidence: "... in his voice, there was an assurance that seemed [!] to suggest that the chair wouldn't be too big for long ... and that he wasn't afraid to take on the responsibility of filling it."

Unequal Opportunity to Develop

—He may be unknown, but his colleagues think well of him: "Robert F. Goheen was an obscure assistant professor when [he was appointed] ... But not obscure among his colleagues [who describe him] as a 'scholar-teacher,' ... 'neither a stuffy fact-noter nor a superficial dilettante'; a 'teacher highly thought of.'" (No explanation as to why his colleagues

had not got around to promoting him for these virtues.)

—He did once administer something: His colleagues speak of him as "an administrator who for three years was national director [no less] of the Woodrow Wilson Fellowships."

—If visiting them will do it, he knows—as, presumably, do the nation's college textbook salesmen—what makes universities tick: "This young fellow knows more about what's cooking in American education than practically anyone else you can name," says one of his colleagues. "His work ... took him to almost every important university in the country ..."

Near-Miss

—He earned his way through college, and made good grades.

—He was not only poor as an undergraduate, but also honest: A colleague speaks of his "unquestioned integrity."

—He is "sober-sided," and has a "first-rate mind": A colleague—now, of course, a subordinate—says so.

—When he was in the Army, he showed himself to have the stamp of leadership: Someone who served with him says so, and anyhow he rose to be a lieutenant colonel, no less.

—He thinks Princeton is different, and ought to remain different. "I told the trustees that I wanted the new president to be the kind of man who would be sure to continue to develop ... [its] unique character."

—He is not innocent of ideas about the problems of our universities. "Every university head," he says, "is faced today with the temptation to educate more students with fewer teachers."

—His appointment may seem difficult to explain to some, but those in the know got a real thrill from it. "His selection ... has captured the imagination of the academic world, though

it may have astonished everyone else."

—He is not a mere lover of wisdom: he was once attracted to a life of deriding-do: "He has always been torn between activist and contemplative tendencies." "When he ... got out of the Army, Goheen was tempted to enter the Government service ..."

—He knows a thing or two about economics: "[Our kind of education] is expensive ... it could easily be sacrificed before the twofold threat of rising cost and restricted income."

—While there may be other men on the Princeton faculty who possess similar qualifications, there cannot be many who have so impressed their colleagues: Testimony of a "close associate."

—He ceases to look like an undergraduate when he talks.

—"He is not a man without humor": No evidence cited.

He's a Liberal!

—He is all for live-and-let-live in education: "... education in the United States," he says, "has developed along different forms [!] to meet different needs ... It seems to me quite right that we have not produced a single educational pattern, but rather a variety that permits individuals to develop their own capacities rather differently."

—He is right proud that Princeton went ahead last year and let Alger Hiss speak: "When Alger Hiss was invited by a campus organization to speak at Princeton, the students had no idea of the outside commotion that would arise. But when the public pressure began, you would expect them to give way—in order to conform [!]. What you got instead was a reaction that this was our business and our decision, and that we can handle this for ourselves. ... It is true some men left Princeton the night Hiss spoke so they could never be accused [!] of having listened to him here; but I'm glad to say that was not characteristic."

And then this not particularly enthusiastic concluding sentence: "In the next few years he [Goheen] will have plenty of opportunity to test his mettle. ..."

To which this columnist would like to add: He tested it—on Father Hugh Halton.

ARTS and MANNERS

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Why Do We Call it the White House?

"Considerable trouble en considerable joy" is what Jim, the Negro slave, foresaw in Huckleberry Finn's future, and that's what the book is causing today—"considerable trouble" to our self-appointed censors and "considerable joy" to me, for one, in watching their antics. The sudden banishment of *Huckleberry Finn* from New York's junior high schools has brought the anti-prejudice boys into collision with the anti-book-burners, a conflict of ectoplasmic dimensions since the anti-PB's and the anti-BB's are, at most times, one and the same.

Why was it necessary to remove *Huckleberry Finn* from the approved textbook list? No one has come right out and said it—or, to be more exact, just about everyone has come out and *not* said it for the simple reason that today, no one dares use the word "nigger" even to deplore its use. It's a cruel, a vicious, a bitter word which, whether employed in ignorance or by design, can inflict pain where none should be. But in Huck Finn's day, and in Huck Finn's world, a colored man was a "nigger" and for Huck to call him anything else would be not only anachronistic, but clairvoyant.

To the Barricades!

When Huck is surprised at the depth of Jim's feelings ("I do believe he cared as much for his people as white folks does for their'n"); when he indicates the Negro is sub-human ("Any one hurt?" asks Aunt Sally. "No'm," Huck replies, "killed a nigger") he accurately reflects the Mississippi Valley opinion of the day. It is the white man, not the Negro, who is being attacked as any one who reads with his mind instead of his prejudice-consciousness would know. But indisputably, the word "nigger" has been used and Huck Finn must go. We must rid ourselves of the abrasive woodpecker, even if it means levelling the forest in the process.

In this particular case, however, the purveyors of anti-prejudice over-

shot their mark. Like Sinclair Lewis, like Frank Norris, like Thoreau and Emerson before them, Mark Twain is sacrosanct; he won his "*nihil obstat*" from the Establishment decades ago. (One must not only approve of him, one is required to think he is humorous.) So to the barricades! To the barricades went those same patriots who erupt into paeans of joy every time an anti-smut law is revoked. The *Daily Worker* spluttered angrily into print in defense of Huck himself because Huck "threw in his lot with all those fighting for a better America. He made the right [decision] for himself and his country's democratic future. . . ." Which is, of course, hogwash. Huck saved Jim because he liked him; it was as simple as that.

By Any Other Name

To the *New York Post*, Jim was the character worth fighting for. "Among the whites who are rascals and con men, he remains the figure who is most honest, dignified and intelligent. . . ." But it just ain't so. Jim is simple, shrewd perhaps, but not intelligent. He is a good man, but not particularly honest. And even Tom Sawyer, with all his eloquence, would have a tough time explaining to Jim his role as a "tragic hero." And so it went, with each faction choosing its own ideological ground from which to do battle for Huckleberry Finn. Since no ideologue yet propounds the doctrine that small boys, or small girls for that matter, should enjoy the books they read, no one based his defense of the Mark Twain classic on the grounds that it was a good story, well told.

That newspapers should devote column upon column to the Huckleberry Finn controversy may seem idiotic, but it is the logical outcome of the pseudo-sociological attempt to deny the existence of differences between the black and white races by expunging certain outward, but

necessarily superficial, symbols of those differences. The word "black" for instance. In most of our schools today, little Sambo still wears a red jacket and blue pants and carries a green umbrella, but he himself is no longer black. "Ole Black Joe" has disappeared from the airwaves. "Swanee River" and "Old Kentucky Home" are seldom heard over the radio or TV and, when they are, a hundred to one, the words have been doctored. A decade ago Frank Sinatra crooned, "A ducky's born, he ain't no good nohow without a song . . ." In his latest recording it emerges as "A man is born . . ." eliminating both the objectionable word and the meaning of the lyric.

Newspapers, as a matter of policy, refuse to identify a person as a Negro, even when that fact is essential to the story (by which I don't mean when a violent crime has been committed). A leading New York paper last year carried a four-hundred-word profile of Adam Clayton Powell without once identifying him as a Negro; a Middle Western paper a year earlier asked its readers to be on the lookout for a missing four-year-old girl, believed kidnapped, and described everything about her but the color of her skin. Doctors studying the high incidence of tuberculosis among Negroes report that their research is hampered by the failure of many hospitals to register their patients by race, and an inquiry undertaken to help the Negro is endangered. The list is endless.

George Orwell's hero, Winston Smith, spent his life revamping history, writing, rewriting and destroying both fact and fiction. To Orwell this was the ultimate refinement in thought control in the monolithic state. Yet we, today, complacently allow a thousand self-appointed censors, with antennae attuned to what they consider the Negro considers offensive to the Negro—in the name of the Negro—to snip away the very considerable Negro contribution to our American heritage and culture. To make it un-history, as if it never were.

They might even succeed in laying "massa" where they want him, in the cold, cold ground, if it weren't for that one trait which even they cannot erase—the Negro's God-given sense of humor and of the ridiculous.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

O'Neill: Playwright as Irishman

GARRY WILLS

Eugene O'Neill never grew up. To some degree, this was his inheritance. Still to an extent a clan society, and a matriarchal one at that, the Ireland of the last century had learned to cling fiercely to its own. Resenting their alien government, Irishmen relied more heavily on the family, yet they had no clan-arranged wedding plan to keep marriage from becoming that severance from family which all clan-groups fear. Whence the Irish loyalty, family closeness and, sometimes, immaturity.

O'Neill, acutely sensitive to racial background, was enough an heir of this spirit to fight it. All his life and work were an attempt—at which he failed—to sever himself from his family. As a youth he ran away to the sea, trying to escape his home. And in his dramaturgy, the sea, fog, even death beckoned him because they promised release. To have roots meant having an anchor, and he would tear up the anchor to drift in isolation through the fog or the foam which seals away the world. In his alias as Edmund Tyrone he said, "The fog was where I wanted to be . . . alone with myself in another world where life can hide from itself." But he had said this many times before in aliases less obvious, like Anna Christie's: "I love this fog. I feel as if I was out of things altogether. . . . It makes me feel clean, 'sif I'd taken a bath."

To O'Neill, the real slavery of Emperor Jones—and of the Hairy Ape, and of all human beings—is not that imposed by other men, but that of one's race calling one, drawing one back into atavistic rudeness. Thus, the Freudian laws of attraction within the family (the slavish orientation of love backwards, instead of its free opening into the future) seemed pathetically true to him.

In *Electra* he works out these laws with an almost mathematical thoroughness, and this particular kind of bondage asserts itself in every family situation he imagines. He feared society and contact with men; he loathed sex as a thing in itself unclean, and tortured himself with it. The typical asceticism of the Catholic Irish became, in the non-Catholic

O'Neill as in Shaw, a Puritan revulsion at sex itself, expressed in the "Platonic" aspirations of *Anna Christie* and *A Moon for the Misbegotten*. Society, the family, the race, the clan obsessed him: notice how many of his works are in dialect, the tongue of a man branding him as Irish or Swedish or Negro. His last plays all deal with Irish families, the one thing he had fled throughout his life; he draws their life as a kind of hell, yet can never exorcise the devil of their fascination.

The very thing O'Neill ran from—the genius of his race, romantic and Irish and Catholic—is what redeems him as a playwright. He has been called at times a realist, rebelling against the drama his father strutted in; but his staging is poetic, full of symbols as romantic and obvious as the cloak and sword his father wore as Monte Cristo; it is liturgical, with refrains, litanies and chants. And his characters come most fully to life when they are Irish. Though he is afraid of verbal poetry and stated sentiment, his Irish emotion finds expression in the visual poetry of the theater. While he curses his back-

ground, he does it in images that come to him from that great heritage of dreams he would reject.

The newly-published *A Touch of the Poet* (Yale, \$3.75), the second posthumous play to come out of his papers, is the only completed part of a projected cycle of eleven plays that was to deal with a single family of Irish immigrants. Cornelius Melody is the son of a father who fought (and bought) his way from low origins into the nobility. Cornelius, inheritor of his father's pride, but bound again to earth through the peasant girl he loves and marries and resents, runs off to America after his brilliant army career has been disgraced, to escape the memory of former lowliness and live the grand gentleman among strangers. America is his "fog," the state of rootless autonomy. But poverty drives him again among the "shanty Irish" whom he hates. He tries to bring his daughter up a lady, but drinks her into the necessity of working as a waitress; she, proud as her father, taunts him by resuming her brogue and mocking his pretensions.

The illusions of Cornelius center around his brilliant old uniform, his gentleman's "stable," his former dexterity in the duel and "the affair." All these fragments of his dream are dispelled in the play. He staggers back from a farcical, Quixotic duel—his horse dead, his uniform stained and torn, his charms repelled—an Irishman with his old brogue, loving again his peasant wife and roaring to his fellows for a drink.

Here, it seems, is release from the family's sway through a realistic return to it. But no; his daughter has inherited his dreams. She who cursed him for parading around in his uniform now curses him for throwing it away. She is about to marry a gentleman, despite his family's resistance; and though she loves him, yet she cannot help but center in him her father's ambition for gentility, wealth and position. She has always been in love with the man her father's empty

uniform stood for. This dream will torture her life and her family's as it did her father's.

Last season on Broadway, O'Neill proved, in what many called his masterpiece, *Long Day's Journey into Night*, that he was a virtuoso of the theater. He also proved that he never could outgrow an adolescent hostility to his family, and the need to assert his independence against all the theatrical, racial and religious traditions that he felt as a repression and a

tyranny. Yet man must establish his identity in a human context and tradition; the isolation-stage must pass with adolescence, when one stands free of, though in, the family. O'Neill never did. He could only look backward, and lacerate the ones he feared to love. He was not the Irishman whose "fog" is drink alone; but he was Irish, and could not leave the clan—nor the Irish creed: in this as in all his plays, he is trying to go to confession.

Stacking the Deck

WARREN EYSTER

Thomas Hardy, with a bludgeon named Chance, wielded hefty blows whenever the future promised blue skies. He was careful, however, to knock his victims only to their knees. Hope still breathed eternal, and the men and women of his novels, despite contrived misfortunes, had remarkable fortitude and strength.

But the concept of the individual as the creator of his own destiny was shattered. The environmentalists replaced Chance with more concrete substances, grimy factories, slums, long hours of monotonous work. Upton Sinclair pointed his finger at the Chicago stockyards and insisted, page after page, that life was impossible. Sinclair Lewis hinted that men had lost their ancient blood strength and revealed the growing urge toward social conformity and the complacency of the middle class. Dos Passos, last remaining sanity among the environmentalists, made his "report to the nation," in which some attention was still given to characterization.

Then the lid blew off the kettle. Anything served the environmentalist as grist for his mill. The shrill of factory whistles became the explanation for mankind's jaded nerves. Dirty leaves, the black smoke of industry, and the great American pastime of gleaning cigarette butts from gutters were sufficient excuse for the Farrell and Cain progeny, who, we were reminded in each chapter, must be pitied because as little boys they had attended church and shown a few human traits.

Harvey Swados, in *On the Line*

(Atlantic, Little Brown, \$3.75), a novel of men working on an automobile assembly-line, avoids the pitfalls of the hardboiled school. He writes about men who are striving to remain human beings. His range of character understanding, from Walter, fresh out of high school, to Buster, the foreman, is remarkable. He has one of the most necessary talents of the novelist—the ability to see a single situation from many angles of view.

But the sins of generations of environmentalists are visited upon this novel. The assembly-line is a mechanical monster run by mathematical computations. The human eyes that watch the men at work are concerned only with increased efficiency and production. Man is a slave and the machine is his master.

Things have changed since the time of *The Jungle*. Jobs are no longer scarce. Young workers don't give a damn; they work on the line only because the pay is higher, and if they last ninety days, they are entitled to union protection. Thus the pressure of production falls on the older, experienced men, who still take pride in their work and who know how to pace themselves to the grind.

Every man who has ever punched a time clock in a factory knows that there is no real appreciation for individual effort, and the "eager beaver" will only draw dour looks from his fellow workmen and eventually a warning from his union boss. As a matter of fact, some companies have become so subservient to the

unions and so anxious not to offend them, that even company officials will caution a man not to push too fast. Every human being suffers from occasional pangs of remorse as he feels life slipping and ebbing from his grasp. The man who, aware of this, must go on pounding out dents in fenders, knowing it is too late to change his life or his occupation, surely is a prime sufferer.

Up to this point Mr. Swados' presentation has my sympathies. But, like all environmentalists, he is not satisfied merely to present the truth; he must wield the heavy hand and make sure there is no possibility of our missing the import of his book. The Negro with the "golden voice," working the assembly-line in order to pay for his music lessons, falls and gashes his throat on a new automobile body—his voice of course destroyed. The man of many faithful years at the plant buys his son a sleek new convertible—you guessed it, a smash-up against a concrete wall, and a dead son. Equal fates await other poor fools who dare to work on automobiles.

What has happened to the American novelist that he feels he must lay it on thick to prove his point? When will he learn that such contrivances only make readers suspect the entire piece of work of equally fraudulent content?

Mr. Swados could perhaps be forgiven if he were suffering from rage or wrath or indignation. In his bitterness Swift offered a solution for the excess infant population of Ireland, and Dickens gave us *Bleak House*. Even the trashy novels of early American environmentalists were moving, with their unqualified denunciations of poverty and wretched working conditions. But Mr. Swados is the cool observer, not blinded by any zeal for social reform, but guided by his knowledge of what sort of story a magazine will pay cash for.

On the Line is a composite of short stories, each with a pat ending, and marred by the unfortunate habits which the author fell into as a short story writer. It is a novel in the sense that Kipling's *Soldiers Three* stories are, linked by place, time, and a minor overlapping of events. This in itself constitutes no objection to the book, except that one gets tired of

slick chapter endings, tired of seeing that the deck was stacked not by the auto assembly line, but by the author.

The strength of this young author is the succinctness and range of his characterizations. He has a fine talent. But he had better take care. For the true novelist does not have his characters shaped like dowels to hold together the theme of his novel—

he does not write their biographies on the head of a pin. The novelist searches into his characters, bit by bit unfolding them, revealing in them things new even unto himself.

And in the end the novelist who seeks to discover the vagrant and

elusive heart of man reveals the problems of human existence more clearly and vitally than any of the multitudinous social-protest works, which stand beside the great novels like prefabricated houses beside towers of stone.

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

FAR FLIGHT OF LOVE

By Robert Reynolds

For You . . .

and . . . for Christmas

THEY SAY:

In New York

It is a lovely book. I felt serene when I finished reading it.

ALMA DETTINGER

New York Times Radio, WQXR

In Chicago

This wise, compassionate book . . . refreshes and uplifts the spirit.

EDMUND FULLER

Chicago Sunday Tribune

In San Francisco

Millions of American men and women would take comfort and strength from this simple tale.

MARSH MASLIN

San Francisco Call-Bulletin

A Love Story of Old Santa Fe

At all bookstores, \$3.00

PAGEANT PRESS, Inc.

101 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

THE MAGIC BATON, by Filippo Sacchi (Putnam's, \$3.75). I once heard a private recording of a Toscanini rehearsal, and my first reaction was indignation. Though his orchestra contained some of the finest instrumentalists in the world, the maestro bullied and cursed them like so many dray horses. It seemed outrageous. What I was unable to admit was the heroism of which Toscanini's life remains an example: the heroism of a man who places all of his passion at the disposal of a beatific vision, and sacrifices mere nicety to that end. Toscanini simply preferred rendering his music as perfectly as possible to being thought a Regular Fellow, a Swell Guy, a Decent Joe; and if he stepped on toes it was *in nomine artis*, and never *ad gloriam Arturo*. Result: the very men he often abused held him, nevertheless, in reverent regard. This is the Toscanini whom Sacchi's vivid biography sets before us: an image to consider as honestly as possible in these curious days that offer so much unqualified lip-service to the Average Man. R. P.

familiar it all is: avoidance of "the third world war," at any cost; the grim determination to remain on the defensive; the sneaking desire to see West Germany "neutralized"; the lingering infatuation with the UN and the mooning after "uncommitted" nations. C. L.

OPERATION SEA LION, by Peter Fleming (Simon & Schuster, \$5.00). Between 1919 and 1939 it was an article of the credo of every enlightened man that any new war would be so mechanized, so horrible, so vastly impersonal, that heroism, daring, glory would never again characterize warfare. Yet, when that mechanized war came, it was the occasion for the exercise of the same human qualities of grandeur that war has always brought forth. Nowhere was this more strikingly displayed than by the people of Great Britain—the population as a whole, as much as the young airmen who defeated the Luftwaffe. Mr. Fleming's tale of Operation Sea Lion (Hitler's projected invasion of England) and the British answer finely and excitingly presents their saga. F.S.M.

THE CHALLENGE OF COEXISTENCE, by Hugh Gaitskell (Harvard, \$2.50). If Labor should carry the next election in Great Britain, Hugh Gaitskell will become the parliamentary leader of the West's second greatest power. To foretell the scope of this tragedy, Harvard University last year invited Mr. Gaitskell to lecture on "coexistence"—which he did, precisely as the hideous icons cherished by his kind were being obliterated by the Hungarian revolution. Manfully carrying on with it, Gaitskell trotted out the crumbling furniture of the Liberal mind, to furbish the three lectures preserved in this remarkably tiresome book. How

DANDELION WINE, by Ray Bradbury (Doubleday, \$3.95). The heroine of this tenderly moody novel is Summertime; specifically, the Summertime of 1928, and how she dressed and played and worked, beat rugs, sat on porch swings, mowed grass, and woke up in the morning. In the background there are people, too, but actually they are as unimportant and interchangeable as so many sets for *Hamlet*. It is the months from June to September that Ray Bradbury has lost his heart to, and instead of writing her a sonnet, he has given us her biography: sweet, wholesome and delicate as a dandelion chain. R. B.

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To the Editor

The ACLU and the Kasper Case

Our attention has been drawn to the open letter to John Kasper in *NATIONAL REVIEW*'s September 21 issue suggesting that he contact the American Civil Liberties Union concerning "a clear freedom-of-speech issue at stake in your case."

From the beginning of the Nashville incident, ACLU attorneys on the scene have observed the case closely to see if civil liberties were violated. On the basis of all available information, we believe the disorderly conduct charges and the local grand jury indictment of incitement to riot against Kasper were based on speech which directly incited to violence and, therefore, does not come within the constitutional protection of free speech. . . .

The ACLU is now studying the federal court injunction against Kasper and his followers precisely because of our concern that its scope may be so broad as to interfere with the right of freedom of speech and assembly. As you know, the ACLU did protest the broad scope of the federal injunction granted in the Clinton, Tennessee case against Kasper and announced that we would consider filing a friend of the court brief when that case reaches the United States Supreme Court. . . .

PATRICK MURPHY MALIN
Executive Director,
American Civil Liberties Union
New York City

In Defense of Mr. Dooley

I well remember your story "The Strange Case of Dr. Dooley" [December 7, 1955]; it was strange because it mixed some excellent reporting with some conclusions which seemed to be as far off the mark as they could possibly be.

To many of us here in Kent and in the nearby towns Dr. Dooley seems to be a man who was pioneering in the darkest areas of human behaviour. He accomplished some remarkable cures with very unorthodox means. He stood up for what he felt to be right and he took the consequences without flinching. If I am to believe what you constantly print,

that is the kind of man you like to stand up for. It is a character rare to find in this day and age.

However, I grant you the right to dislike what Dooley has done. Yet I think it is in incredibly poor taste to make snide remarks about such a man as he is released from prison ["For the Record," September 28]—and equally incredible that you attack a lady . . . whose "patronage" consists of giving Dr. Dooley the use of a primitive one-room shack to live in and of two sheds for his rabbits and chickens.

Kent, Conn.

RUDOLF MODLEY

[*NATIONAL REVIEW* has deleted the name of Mr. Dooley's patroness from Mr. Modley's letter, since our item did not refer to her by name.]

National Tax Protest Rally

I wish to congratulate Revilo Oliver for his discerning report in the October 5 issue entitled "The Conservatives Bar Compromise."

He is absolutely right when he reports that there is a new aggressiveness and confidence among the many right-wing organizations which are coordinating their efforts as never before in order to get a real grassroots demand started for hearings on H.L. Res. 355 which would get the government out of competition with private enterprise and make possible the eventual repeal of the Sixteenth Amendment. . . .

May I offer one important correction of fact in order to keep the record straight? The Conservative Alliance did not sponsor the National Tax Protest Rally. The National Tax Protest Rally . . . was exclusively sponsored by Free Men Speak, a national political action newspaper. . . .

New Orleans, La.

KENT COURTNEY
Publisher, *Free Men Speak*

Congratulations on the best piece of reporting I have seen on the three-day sessions in Chicago of Conservative Alliance and We, the People. . . .

Mr. Oliver caught not only the

spirit underlining these meetings of very serious and very earnest people, but he gave a good, accurate appraisal of the new "uncompromising" conservatism. In addition, he saw—one of the few reporters who did—the significance and importance of the "tax revolt" theme which was deftly woven into almost every major speech. . . . and the "central theme" of limiting Communism and Socialism by the simple expedient of taking away from the bureaucrats the "wherewithal" to support these international grafters.

Park Ridge, Ill.

JOHN K. CRIPPEN
Executive Secretary
Anti-Communist League of America

. . . I just want to particularly commend Revilo Oliver for the best report on the Chicago convention of the National Tax Protest Rally.

Miami, Fla.

J. H. KEATHLEY

A Dispute on Fundamentals

May I be allowed to point out that the principles underlying your editorial, "Who Makes Our Laws?" [September 14] differ considerably from those of the Christian (and therefore truly conservative) political thought?

While you seem to profess some sympathy with the "diffused American governmental system with its separated and balancing powers," a truly conservative policy should follow, in my opinion, these assumptions:

1. Granted a basic consciousness of the natural law in the mind of every man, the primary duty of the *princeps* (*pater familias*, hereditary monarch, elected president) is that of the judge—i.e., an experienced man who applies the principles of the law of nature to particular cases.

2. The *princeps* can delegate his judicial authority to experts (*iuris consulti*) but he, nevertheless, remains the supreme judge.

3. If need be, the *princeps* (with the help of his ministers) may develop and further the law of nature by enacting particular laws; his is the legislative authority in the full sense of the word.

4. The mission of any kind of parliament is certainly not to enact bills but, on the contrary, to defend the body politic against any unneces-

sary or wrong legislation by the *princeps*. The various *magnae chartae* and constitutions were designed as weapons for that purpose.

5. To see in the parliament a legislative body is one of the most perverse absurdities of modern times. The Montesquieu theory of the so-called balance of powers was born as fruit of a sick mind . . . incapable of grasping the organical character of human society. . . .

Mamaroneck, N. Y. PROF. B. CHUDOBA

The Right to Bear Arms

I have read with great interest your editorial comment "Shotguns Unregistered" in the September 21 issue. This is a very serious issue, despite the fact that comparatively little is said about it.

There is one fact—a very ugly but nevertheless true fact—that the proponents of restrictive firearms legislation seem to overlook with amazing ease. . . . All the laws in the world will not prevent a real criminal or some young punk from obtaining his gun from some dubious source.

As a member of the National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association, I can only view with alarm the proposals of various misguided, but generally sincere, individuals who wish to deprive people such as myself and my fellow members of their right to "keep and bear arms." . . .

It is gratifying to see a magazine such as yours take the space to mention this dangerous issue.

Chillicothe, Ohio. WILLIAM T. POOLE

PRINCETON AND THE PRIEST

(Continued from p. 347)

hood in the academic procession led by the University Mace. But he undoubtedly feels that he is following, day by day, an older symbol. He has now received an honorary degree, in reverse, from an institution which placed a doctor's hood on the shoulders of the preposterous Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam. He has been symbolically destroyed, for that was the meaning of the thunderous dismissal, by a university in which more than one recognized addict of Communist fronts—H. H. Wilson of the Department of Politics, for example—flourishes under permanent tenure and has official access

to the minds of youth. And even if President Goheen has applied cloture to further debate, Father Halton has brought something fundamental into the open. It is this: deep religious conviction and amoral metaphysics cannot coexist.

While the Trustees wait for the Bishop of Trenton to send them another chaplain—which may be a considerable wait—they might reflect upon certain words of the late Rev. Dr. A. Powell Davies, the famous Unitarian preacher of Washington, D.C. Dr. Davies, whose intrepid denunciations of congressional inquiries must have made him a number of friends at Princeton, had a memorable statement in his book, *The Urge to Persecute*. He wrote that when a minister has to face "the duty of applying religion to a public issue and is widely heard, he will be sharply criticized. This he expects, not because he thinks he has overstepped the boundaries of his ministerial obligation, but because he knows that religion, if it be authentic, is greatly feared and widely misconstrued."

UNION FIRING LINE

(Continued from p. 350)

been reached, the strike may take place.

Such is the procedure. The present case is complicated by the fact that when the carriers resisted the contract offered by the unions after the union shop amendment to the Railway Labor Act, President Truman appointed a fact-finding board, neatly stacked in favor of Big Labor, which duly recommended that the roads enter into union shop contracts. The unions now argue that the issue was decided then for all time and that no further board is necessary. But the Santa Fe maintains that the Hanson, Sandsberry and Looper cases have intervened, in which the courts have declared that there are strict limitations on the power of unions under union-shop contracts; therefore, it contends, the Mediation Board should recommend a new fact-finding board.

Thus the constitutional rights of American workers are still in dispute, although the scope of the issue has been greatly narrowed by the Hanson decision. And the Supreme Court,

which in that decision ducked the issue of political use of union contributions, may still find itself forced to face it. The Court being what it is, that prospect holds faint hope for the involuntary contributors. But there could be an important collateral result: Congress, which delivered American workers to Big Labor by permitting forced union membership, may at last see the point of enacting a federal right-to-work law.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF NATIONAL REVIEW published 50 times per year at Orange, Conn. for October 1, 1957.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor and managing editor are: Publisher, William A. Rusher, 211 E. 37th St., New York 16, N.Y.; Editor, Wm. F. Buckley, Jr., 211 E. 37th St., New York 16, N.Y.; Managing Editor, Suzanne La Follette, 211 E. 37th St., New York 16, N.Y.

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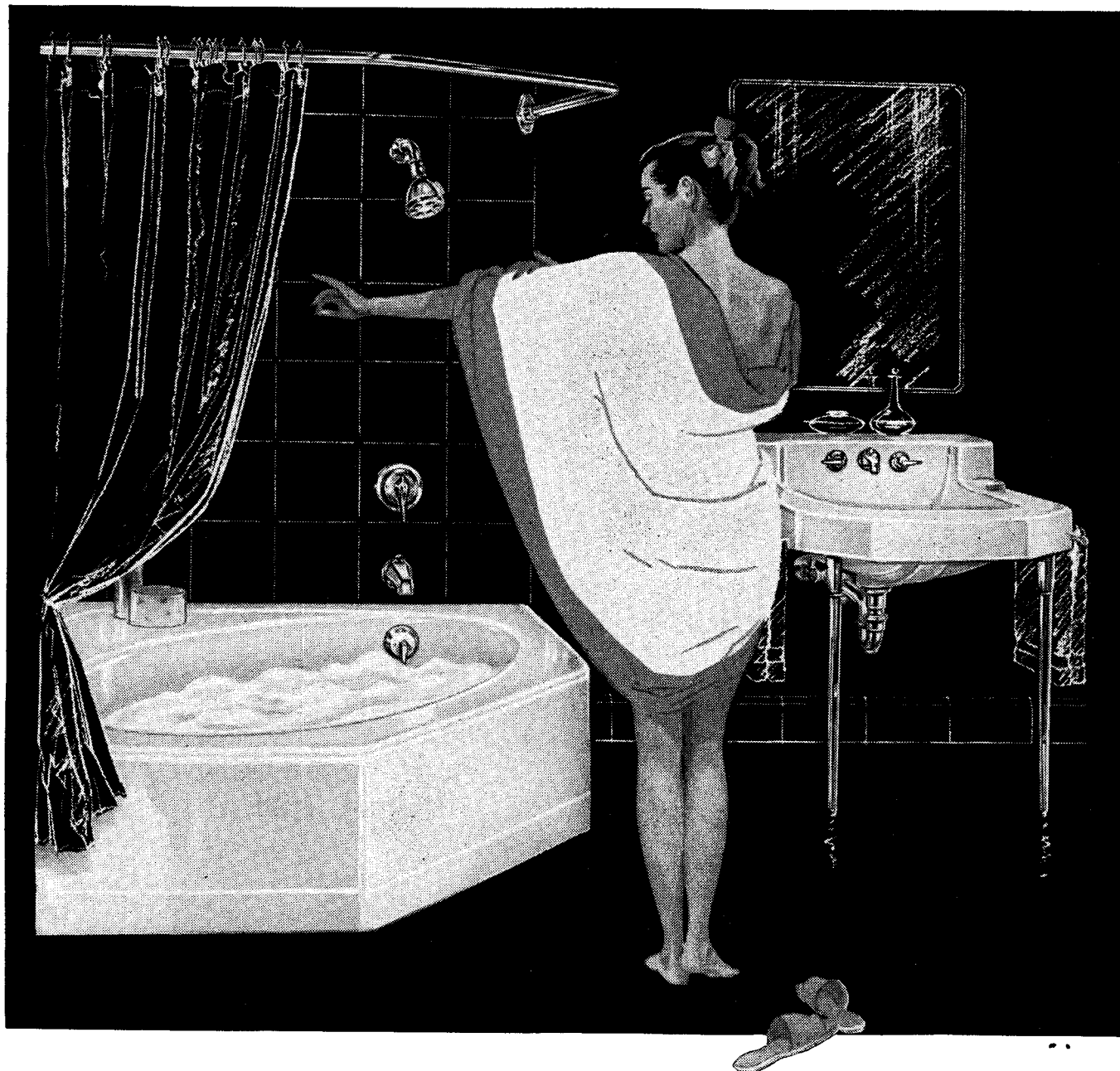
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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 19,419.

(Signed) William A. Rusher
Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1957.

(Signed) Edna MacKenzie
(My commission expires March 30, 1958)



First aid to Beauty...

A Kohler bathroom, a thing of beauty in itself, also serves the creation of beauty—for the first and most essential step toward personal attractiveness is cleanliness.

Kohler fixtures and fittings are designed to make cleansing a pleasure—with features that contribute to ease, comfort, safety and thoroughness. Bathing is relaxed and luxurious in the Mayflower bath of enameled iron, with its graceful oval shape, ample

proportions, smooth flat bottom, integral seat. The Gramercy vitreous china lavatory has a shelf for incidental beauty aids, built-in soap dishes, a roomy basin. Kohler fittings are all brass, chromium-plated, engineered to operate easily, reliably.

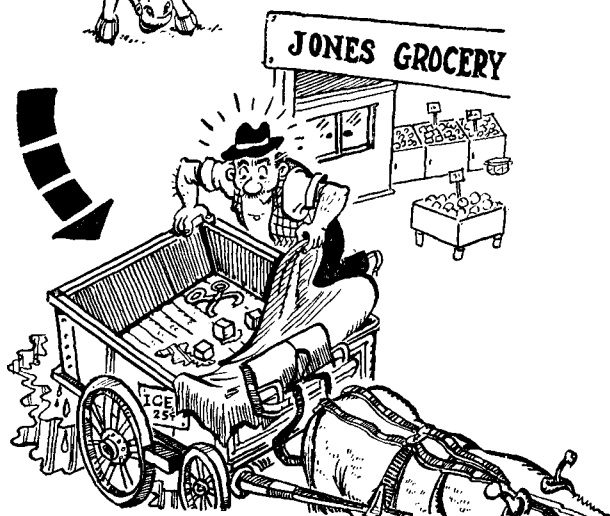
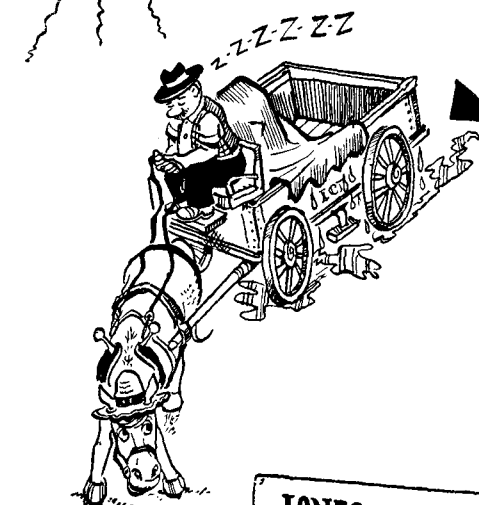
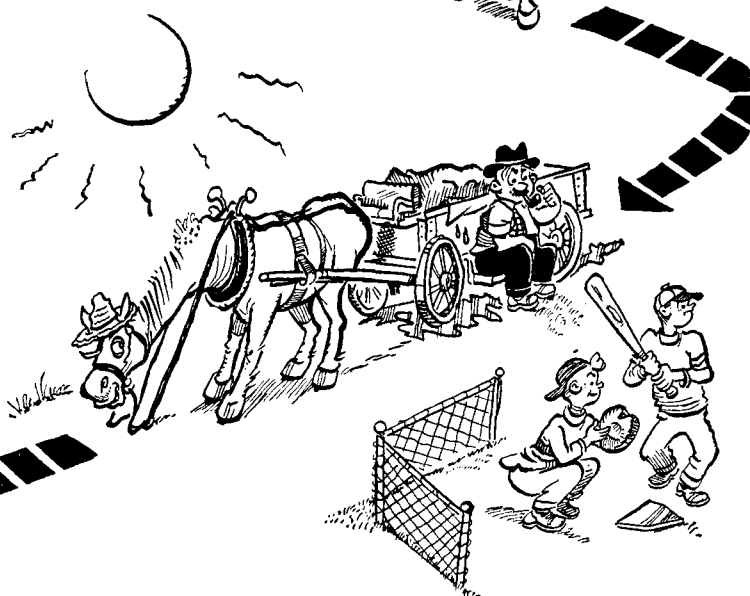
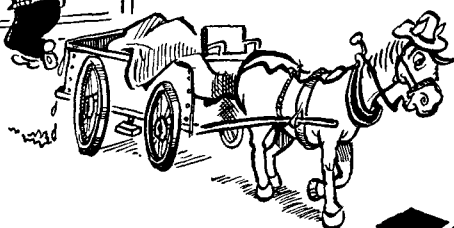
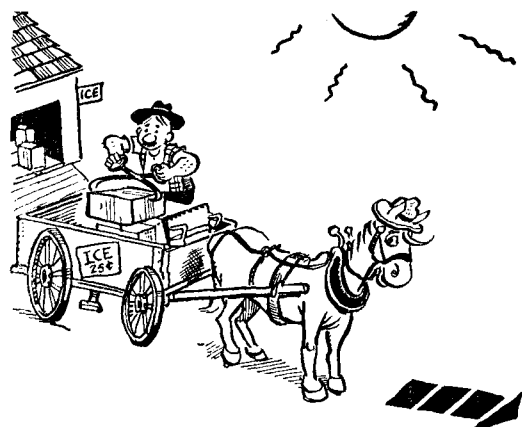
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The case of the Unsuccessful Iceman

An iceman who took the long way around delivering a cake of ice on a hot day would find that he didn't have much ice left to be delivered. It's the same with the tax dollars we send to Washington earmarked for "local improvements". A lot of the money melts away in Washington before it ever gets back home. It pays the cost of administering the huge local aid program, for bureaucrats' offices, typewriters, salaries and the inevitable red tape.

Doesn't it make more sense to let Washington handle national affairs such as defense and postal service, and let local communities handle their own local improvements? That way communities will gain the most from their local improvement tax dollars. And we could get rid of some costly, tax-consuming federal agencies. If that makes good sense to you, why not write your Congressman about it?

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See the next Timken Televent hour, "The Innocent Years" over NBC-TV, Thursday night, November 21st.

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